

FOR FAMILY USE.

NO SKILL OR PRACTICE NEEDED.

No Clamps Required.

Directions Plain and Simple.



One of the most Powerful Cements in the World.

Although but recently introduced, read what people say of it:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 1880.
Being a grandfather, with four active grand-children who are continually breaking their toys and other things, have found the **Hercules Glue** to be one of the best and most reliable for mending broken things I have ever tried, because it is always ready and does not dry up and waste. WILLIAM H. GARROUES.
Firm of Garrigues Brothers, Booksellers, 608 Arch Street.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.

518 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

We have sold this **Hercules Glue** for some time past, and it has given great satisfaction in every instance we have heard from. Have also used it ourselves, and consider it the very best article for the purpose in the market. J. T. STONE, Manager.

KEYSTONE SCHOOL AND CHURCH FURNITURE COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30, 1880.

We have tested the **Hercules Glue**, and for the purpose intended, fully believe it has no equal. Many slight accidents are constantly occurring to furniture, which can be readily repaired by it without clamping or the necessity of a workman. For a real handy article it excels. A. F. OLD.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8, 1880.

My Dear Sirs.—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the merits of **Hercules Glue**. I have found it particularly useful for attaching rubber to wood, for the purpose of printing on blocks, and for this reason consider it especially valuable to the Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps. Hoping that you will be successful in your endeavors to make its reputation world wide, I remain, your truly, JAMES P. BRYAN, 1328 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9, 1880.

We cheerfully attest to the merit of **Hercules Glue**. Its exactly what we need,—always ready and effective, does its work well, and does not mould. We have given nearly all the kindred preparations in the market a trial, and unhesitatingly award the palm of superiority to **Hercules Glue**. It alone does all that is claimed for it. We do not see how any one, needing a reliable glue, can well do without it. SCHREIBER & SON, 831 Arch Street.

PHILADELPHIA, November 29, 1880.

Hercules is no misnomer. A giant in strength—a paragon in usefulness. A. C. GAW.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10, 1880.

Gentlemen.—I have used the **Hercules Glue** in my family for some time, and find it very useful for all purposes for which you recommend it. Yours truly, E. G. PASSMORE, 631 Market Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan'y 21, 1881.

Your **Hercules Glue** needs no endorsement. Only give it a trial, and it will endorse itself. THOMAS W. STUCKY, North Seventh Street.

NEW YORK, January 25, 1881.

Dear Sirs.—After trying my strength on your home specimen of the sticking qualities of your **Hercules**, I concluded to order a small quantity for home use, where on trial with miscellaneous household goods it did its work most effectively. Truly Yours, DANIEL SLOTE, 119 & 121 William Street.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7th, 1881.

I am using the **Hercules Glue** for fastening Glass in Bronzed and Nickel-plated Card-frames, and find it far superior to all others. THEODORE RUE, 618 Chestnut Street.

Among the many advantages it has over all other preparations the most important is, that **IT WILL KEEP FOR YEARS** without losing its good qualities, and is always ready for use, making it a valuable article to have in the house. It can be used for cementing Wood, Crockery, China, Glass, Leather, &c. Retail prices, 25 cents per Jar.

For sale by all Book-sellers and Stationers.

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,

Wholesale Agents

NO. 19 BOND STREET,

(near Broadway),

New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S

SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5,000 a year, and who invests less than \$350 of it in this list, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year than ALL THE OTHER ADVERTISING DID."

IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST.

IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST.

IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from \$2 to \$80. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is \$625. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are \$2,950.14. The list includes 952 newspapers of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 748 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 468 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

The Deaf-Mutes' Home.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1881.

NUMBER 24.

POETRY.

THE TRAMP'S STORY.

If experience has gold in it (as discerning folks agree),
Then there's quite a little fortune stowed away
Somewhere in me,
And I deal it out regardless of a regular stated price.
In rough-done-up prize-packages of common-sense advice;
The people they can take it, or run round it,
As they please,
But the best thing they'll find in it is some words like unto these:

Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a farmer's land may fall,
But for a first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all.

On my wedding day my father touched me kindly on the arm,
And handed me the papers for an eighty-acre farm.

With the stock, an' tools an' buildin's for an independent start,
Saying: "Here's a wedding present from my muscle and my heart;
And, except the admonitions you have taken from my tongue,
And the reasonable lookin's that you had when you were young,
And your food and clothes and schoolin' (not so much as I could wish,
For I had a number eatin' from a some-at scanty dish).

And the honest love you captured when you first sat on my knee,
This is all I have to give you—so expect no more from me."

People'd said I couldn't marry the sweet girl I tried to court,
Till we finally submitted a minority report;
Then they laid their theories over, with a quickness queer to see,
And said they knew we'd marry, but we never could agree;

But we did not frame or hang up all the neighbors had to say,
But ran our little heaven in our own peculiar way;
We started off quite jolly, wondrous full of health and cheer,
And a general understanding that the road was pretty clear.

So we lived and toiled and prospered; and the little family party
That came out from Heaven to visit us were bright and hale and hearty;
And to-day we might 'a' been there had I only just have known
How to lay my road down solid, and let well enough alone;

But I soon commenced a-kicking in the traces I found
There was too much land that joined me that I didn't yet possess.
When once he gets land-hungry, strange how anxious one can be!

'Twasn't long before I wanted all the ground that I could see,
So I bought another eighty (not foreboding any harm)
And for that and some down-money put a mortgage on my farm.

Then I bought another forty, hired some cash to fix up new
And to buy a covered carriage—and of course the mortgage grew.

Now my wife was square against this, 'tis but from day to day,
(Though I'm very far from saying that I think it's always so);

But she went in hearty with me, working hard from day to day,
For we knew that life was business, now we had that debt to pay.

We worked through spring and winter, through summer and through fall,
But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of us all;
It worked on nights and Sundays; it worked each holiday;
It settled down among us and it never went away.

Whatever we kept from it seemed a most as bad as theft;
It watched us every minute, and it ruled us right 'till it was gone;
The rust and blight were with us sometimes, and sometimes not;

The dark-browed scowling mortgage was forever on the spot;
The weevil and the out-worm they went as well as came;
The mortgage staid forever, eating hearty all the time.

It nailed up every window, stood guard at every door,
And happiness and sunshine made their home with it no more.
Till with falling crops and sickness we got stalled upon the grade,
And there came a dark day on us when the in-fants wasn't paid.

And there came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind o' lost my hold,
And grew weary and discouraged, and the farm and the home
The children left and scattered when they hardly yet were grown;

My wife she pined an' perished, an' I found my doctors never knew;
But I knew she died of mortgage—just as well as I could know.

If I trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctors' art,
They'd 'a' found a mortgage lying on that woman's broken heart.

Two different kinds of people the devil most assails:
One is the man who conquers; the other, he who fails.
But still I think the last kind are soonest to give up.

And to hide their sorry faces behind the shameful cap,
Like some old king or other, whose name I've somehow lost,
They straightaway tear their eyes out, just when they need 'em most.

When once I had discovered that the debt I could not pay,
I tried to liquidate it in a rather common way;
I used to try in private a few financiers,
And we would drink ourselves worth ten thousand dollars clear—

As easy a way to prosper as ever has been found,
But only a cheap night poorer when he gets back to the ground.
Of course I ought to 'a' braced up, an' worked on all the same;
I ain't afraid to shrink out, or cover up from blame;

But still I think men often, it safely may be said,
Are driven to temptations, in place of being led;
And if that trant mortgage hadn't cracked its whip at me,
I shouldn't have constituted the ruin that you see.

For though I've never stolen or defaulted, please to know,
Yet, socially considered, I'm pretty middlin' low.
I am helpless an' forsaken; I am childless an' alone;
I haven't a single dollar that it's fair to call my own;

My old age knows no comfort, my heart is scant o' cheer;
The children they run from me as soon as I come near;
The women shrink and tremble when their alms are fear-bowed;
The dogs howl curses at me, and hunt me down the road;
My home is where nights finds me; my friends are few and cold;

Oh, little is there in this world for one who's poor and old!
But I'm wealthy in experience, all put up in good advice,
To take or not to take it, with no difference in the price;
You may have it, an' thrive on it, or run round it as you please,
But I generally give it wrapped in some such words as these:

Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a farmer's land may fall,
But for a first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all.

* From Farm Festivals, the new volume by Will Carleton, published by Harpers & Brothers. Nearly ready.

STORE TELLER.

THE MUTINEERS.

"Good morning, Miss Herbert!" said the captain's nephew, Malcolm Sherwood, who was also first officer on board the Albatross.

Helen stepped out of the cabin on the main-deck, and the young man—who could boast a certain kind of good looks, but whose assurance and self-conceit were too apparent for a gentleman—came towards her, cup in hand, bowing gallantly.

She avoided his glance of bold admiration while returning his greeting, and looking over the ship's side at the smooth and shining waters, exclaimed: "Oh, how lovely the sea looks this morning!"

"I wish it were a garden, where I could gather you a bouquet," said Malcolm. "Beautiful women like you should always be surrounded with flowers. But isn't there something I can offer you? Ah, yes, a nautilus! I saw some a few moments ago, and remembered your wish."

He turned quickly. Only two men were in sight on the leeward-side of the galley. One was coiling rope in front of a locker, and the other was tarring the bung of a water cask.

"Drop that, you lubber, and swing a bucket over the side, d'ye hear?" cried Mr. Malcolm Sherwood, first mate of the A. No. 1 government-boiler clipper Albatross, among whose graceful accomplishments the art of addressing his men as if they were brutes was pre-eminent. "Scoop me a good specimen nautilus, and don't spoil it with your bungling either."

As he had not spoken to either of the sailors by name, it would have been difficult to tell which he meant. Only one turned around—a fine-looking seaman, fair-skinned, ruddy blue-eyed and flaxen-haired. He dropped his calking-pot, caught up a wooden bucket, made its rope-handle fast to another rope by a running knot, and throwing back his broad shoulders with a lithe motion of his shapely figure, he prepared to launch it over the gunwale, when the mate roared out with a gush of oaths that he didn't mean him.

"You're too ready with your desire to show off," he muttered between his teeth; and, seeing that the other sailor continued to quietly pursue his labor, as if unconscious of his existence, the brutal tempered officer rushed on him in a rage, and with a violent blow felled him to the deck, where he lay without a motion.

"You've struck a sick man, Mr. Sherwood," said the fair and brawny sailor, who was a Dane, and bore the sobriquet of Neptune among his fellows. "Poor lad! he fell on his marling-spike off the Plata, and he hasn't been himself since. He's deaf, too, and didn't hear you."

Helen had uttered a cry of horror as the mate's clenched fist descended on the slender rope-coiler. She knew him by his pale face and painful cough; and although her father's illness had heretofore allowed her little time for any duty except waiting on him, she had sent many delicacies to the fore-cabin by Zillah, her maid, for this same sick sailor. As he fell, she ran to his side.

Neptune stood with his arms folded, with a strange expression on his dead-white face.

"Don't fret yourself, Miss," he said, in a cold and bitter tone; "if poor Pierre has got his discharge, he's in luck. There's plenty more willing to leave this service in the same way, for want of a better."

A gleaming smile, full of contempt and suppressed anger, played round his thin lips, and he looked steadily in Malcolm's face, as if defying him.

Such daring could not pass with impunity. If the mate was silent a moment, it was because his fury mastered his utterance.

"Mr. Shelton—Mr. Frero!" he ejaculated, as soon as he could speak.

An elderly man, whose originally fine face was marred by signs of habitual intemperance, sauntered out of the cabin, and a slight youthful fellow, with flashing black eyes and a quick, nervous movement of the body, seemed to drop from the shrouds on deck.

Both made an inclination of the head to the savage mate's call, and addressing first the younger of the two, by the name of Frero, he ordered him at once to put the sailor Neptune in irons.

For a moment the young man, who was third mate and also ship's carpenter, stood silent; the next, he flatly refused to obey.

Meantime, the frightened girl had helped the young Frenchman to rise from the deck, and was gently supporting him toward the fore-cabin when two Norwegians, called Christian and Oddo, relieved her of her charge, and lifting him in their arms bore him away.

She stood looking till his poor, drooping head disappeared down the gangway, and then, turning around the windward sides of the galley, tried to gain the cabin without encountering the man whose brutality made him odious in her eyes; but just as she reached the main deck she saw Sherwood with his own hands snap the irons on Neptune's wrist, while his mandarin assistant did the same for Frero.

Her heart beat high; she trembled from head to foot; and, clinging to the water casks as she passed along, she gained the cabin-door.

The cabin was fitted up with unusual elegance. Sofas of blue damask, blue silk hangings, handsome mirrors and well-cushioned fauteuils, rendered it a really luxurious apartment.

At its upper end were two very large staterooms, in which every appliance for comfort and pleasure were arrayed, and where taste, ingenuity and wealth had united to foil the exhaustion and tedium of a long voyage.

This unwonted splendor was readily explained. The ship belonged to a very wealthy merchant, who, with his only child, took this long westward voyage, in the full conviction that it would thoroughly establish his health.

As yet it had been unsuccessful in this important item. Mr. Herbert was so entirely an invalid that his affectionate and unselfish daughter hid all the painful and alarming scenes to which she was exposed, and never appeared in his presence with a shadow on her fair face.

To achieve this required not only a most disinterested nature, but a courageous one, and Helen Herbert's was truly the heart and soul of a heroine.

Entering the cabin, her first glance was directed toward her father's door. It was closed, a sign that his morning slumber had been prolonged—and she rejoiced at the evidence of needed rest. It gave her time to quiet her own excitement, and also to think of the poor French sailor.

Once or twice she called her maid's name, in a low voice; but no one responded, and she concluded that Zillah, a pretty quadroon girl and a tireless flirt, was showing off her graces as usual for the benefit of the steward, a mulatto from the Isle of France.

"I cannot let the poor fellow suffer," she said, by way of encouragement to herself, and immediately walked up to one of the small doors opening out of the cabin, and tapped lightly.

It opened instantly, and a dark, handsome young gentleman stood before her, who bowed profoundly.

"Oh, Dr. Conroy, pray excuse me!" she said, becoming confused the moment she found herself face to face with the silent young physician.

"I am sorry to trouble you, I am sure, but poor Pierre is ill again, and I will be so glad if you will go to him."

Percy Conroy, the ship's doctor, bowed again to Miss Herbert, and in her presence he was always strangely reticent; but he strove to prove, by the extreme readiness of his movements in serving her, the deep respect which was already expressed in his every look and action.

She and he had not been strangers before their meeting on shipboard. He was a young man of excellent position in society, and they had met occasionally in fashionable life, when he had inspired her with a decided admiration for his manner and abilities.

But, to her pain and surprise, he returned her outburst of cordial pleasure at discovering him to be their fellow-voyager with a distant and reserved respect which had continued despite his devotion to her father, whose untiring nurse, as well as physician, he had constituted himself.

This ceremonious treatment chilled poor Helen's heart. She shrunk within herself, abashed at his deferential silence, and often sought her own stateroom, after one of his distant and profound bows, with a heartache, eager to hide her bitter, burning tears.

She did not note how, do as she might to conceal it, his color changed at sight of her, nor dream that silence only preserved the secret of his emotions in her presence.

"He avoids me. I am actually disagreeable to him," she often exclaimed, in a burst of tears; and then added, with a heavy sigh: "And yet he is so kind—so very kind—to my dear father. I am grateful to him. I cannot help that, I am sure."

On this morning he was in such a haste to obey her that he started at once, even without waiting to close the stateroom door.

As he left the cabin it blew back and lodged against the wall, leaving, for the first time, open to Helen's inspection the little room in which he had spent the greater part of their long voyage.

It was neat and pretty as the chamber of a young girl. Everything was in exquisite order, from his tiny library of books to his still more compact case of medicines.

A few small pictures were fastened to the wall. One was a crayon sketch of a fair, girlish face, with fluffy, golden curls, and a broad-brimmed hat, just such an one as she wore on deck to protect her from the sun.

There was a familiar look about it. Had she seen the original anywhere? The thought made her unhappy. She dismissed it quickly, and cast her eyes on the stationary desk before which his arm-chair was placed.

It was covered with books and chemical apparatus; but on top stood—Could it be? No, no! her eyes deceived her; and yet it was her own discarded slipper!

Its mate had slipped off her foot on deck, and had been carried through a flowing scupper into the sea. While she stood merrily laughing at the mishap Zillah had brought out another pair, which she put on, forgetting the odd one until after it had disappeared. She recalled how she had searched for it, merely from idle curiosity as to its fate; and here it was.

"What could have induced him!" she began, but did not complete the question.

A footstep sounded without, and she sprang up and shut the room door before any eye but hers should rest on its little treasures.

Mr. Sherwood came into the cabin. The angry cloud was gone from his brow, and he stood beaming on Helen most amiably.

"I'm afraid our timid dove was alarmed at our harsh sea discipline," he said, with a caressing gesture that his daring did not quite carry to her shrinking form. "But, my sweet friend, it is necessary. We can not sail without it. It is as useful to a ship as a fair wind."

"Helen!"

"Yes, papa!" exclaimed the indignant girl; and, glad to escape from Malcolm's unwelcome presence, she hastened to join her father.

She found him very much shaken by a painful dream, from which he had not been quite able to arouse himself.

"Where's the captain, Helen?" he inquired. "Where's John Sherwood, the sailing-master of the Albatross? I hope he doesn't leave his work to boobies and land-lubbers, but does his duty like a man, and watches his ship as if it were a human life! Eh, child—eh?"

"Yes, yes, papa—certainly!" Helen tried to say calmly, while in her heart she knew that Captain Sherwood intrusted the vessel and all it held to the management of his nephew, Malcolm, while he gave himself up, day after day, more and more completely to the baneful influence of intemperance.

In times past the captain had been an excellent and accomplished officer. Such he was, in Mr. Herbert's experience and belief; and it was owing to his unwavering trust in his seamanship that he had not only engaged him as commander of his ship, but yielded to him the entire selection of the crew.

Had the unfortunate captain secured an able and reliable assistant officer, his own failings might have been concealed, or, at least, productive of no absolute evil; but he was entirely ruled by his nephew, who had contrived to establish a strange influence over him; and Malcolm Sherwood was, as we have seen, a man of narrow mind and brutal passions.

"You look pale and appear nervous, Helen," said her father, observing her uneasily. "Is anything wrong? Where is Dr. Conroy, child? I do wish you would be more agreeable to that young man. He is of infinite service to me, and I can't get on without his attentions. It would make it so much pleasanter if you were friends and seemed at ease with each other."

Mr. Herbert, like all sick people, was at times fretful and impatient.

Such was his tone on this occasion; but his daughter was a loving, unselfish being, who thought far more of him than of any petty annoyance of her own. It was impossible to explain what she could not quite understand—namely, the coldness of Percy Conroy's manner, and secret devotion of his acts.

It made her heart beat to suffocation to hear his name, and then to be reproached for want of courtesy to him.

She tried to smile and murmur some reassuring reply; but presently

he appeared, and her father called to him. Then, as was her habit, she slipped quietly away.

There was an ominous hush on the ship all day. Helen felt, she knew not why, as if some fearful storm was brewing. Contrary to expectation, not a word of comment, not even a look of insubordination, had followed the arrest and ironing of the ship's favorites—the quick, flashing-spirited mate, and the handsome young Dane.

"I've got the cogs under!" said the boastful and loud-mouthed Malcolm, at the supper table, with a bullying air.

"There were a couple of sailors came to the captain's door at four bells. They had a paper in their hands," said Shelton, the second mate, who looked serious, and seemed to Helen to be quite sober for the first time since they had rounded Cape Horn.

"Bah!" cried his superior, in a tone of deep disgust. "The idiots have drawn up a remonstrance; but it will be the last job of that sort they'll try. I tore it up and threw it in their faces!"

Helen, looking up, and suddenly met the steward's eye while he was busily waiting on the speaker. Its expression was simply murderous, and his eyes glared like a basilisk's. In a moment it changed and a mask seemed to have been pulled over his features; but the remembrance of the look chilled her blood, and filled her with vague, distracting fears.

Her father was unusually weak, and needed more than ordinary attention that evening. It was quite late before she had done waiting on him and he fell into a peaceful doze.

Leaving Zillah to watch him within, she stepped out again on deck, anxious to learn poor Pierre's condition from one of the sailors.

It was quite dark. She moved so silently, wrapped in a gray mantle, that she reached the mainmast unobserved by two sailors, who were cautiously ascending, one after the other, the steps at the side of the galley-door, on the roof of which, exposed to the blazing sun of a tropic sky, the petty tyrant, Malcolm Sherwood, had chained and ironed the objects of his fury all that day.

They were there yet, bound in a kneeling posture, side by side, and they leaned eagerly over to converse with the two men who moved stealthily toward them.

Helen listened in breathless terror; her own and her father's safety hung on their words, for a growing dread within her soul had taken form, and was now either to be dispelled or realized.

Coming within the shadow of the almost wireless sail, her ear strained to agony lest she should lose a word, and her eyes fixed with a fearful fascination on the coarse forms that seemed to decide her destiny, she waited, dreading, yet eager to hear.

The two bound men spoke in sharp, incisive tones; the two free ones listened and agreed.

An awful compact had been made and attested. A few hours would see it fulfilled. Ah, it was true, too true, then. Her instincts had forewarned her, and her worst fears were about to be verified.

She pressed one hand on her heart, the other over her eyes, and called her courage and cunning to her aid; for Helen Herbert was in the midst of mutineers. She had heard their plans discussed, and knew that in five hours lawless madness would reign aboard the Albatross, as a fitting successor to months of brutal tyranny, and that her maid was in the plot, and the willing conquest of Francois, the Mauritanian steward, while she was to fall to the share of Manuel Frero, the young Spaniard, the future commander of the Albatross.

She stood so long in the cool, silent darkness, gathering her frightened wits, that it was well her form was slender and her cloak gray, or she would have been discovered.

Dr. Percy Conroy had visited the captain that evening, and finding a threatened attack of fever, persuaded him to abate his libations and join him in the cabin at a game of cards.

It was thus engaged that Helen found them both, and though her manner was a little nervous, she looked so charming when she said she had a boon to beg, that old Sherwood, once famed for gallantry, yielded at once.

It was the freedom of the two prisoners whom Malcolm had, she said, forgotten.

While the captain gave orders for their liberation, she went to her father's stateroom and filled two glasses with wine. Into each of these she poured a strong sleeping potion, and quietly slipped out with them to meet the mutineers.

Every pretty woman knows her power. Helen calculated largely on hers; with gentle words of sympathy and kindness she soothed the savage

mood of Manuel and Neptune, and with grateful respect they drank her health in the glasses they drained, allowing her to fill them again and again.

When they retired, and she returned to the cabin, she quickly locked the door behind her, and, first of all extorting from the captain a signed pardon for the offenders, she told the story of their wrongs, as only a roused woman can.

Day by day she had endured to see her father's ship the scene of basest cruelty and meanest persecution. Hour by hour she had shrunk more and more from the ungoverned

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1881

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1623 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 1.25. If not paid within six months, 1.50. These prices are variable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter. \$50 Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

We reproduce in another column a copy of a circular which is being circulated in Canada, in the hope that some substantial help may result, which will place the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-Mutes in a prosperous condition, and enable it to carry on the good work of educating the deaf and dumb with increased facilities. We hope it will receive all the encouragement which the importance of the work deserves.

Some one who is possessed of more malice than judgment has sent us a letter requesting the publication of a slanderous item about a certain deaf-mute married woman. The writer enclosed fifty cents in his letter as a reward for publishing the item, and stated that if fifty cents is not enough, more money will be sent.

We regret that any deaf-mute can cherish such a mean, devilish, hateful passion as should cause him to slander any one, much less a female.

It would be well for the party who sent the letter to understand that the JOURNAL is not published for the purpose of running down or criticising the private character of any one, and all attempts to have published items calculated to do injury to the reputation of any individual will be rejected, no matter what amount of money accompanies the request for publication.

The Sixty-fifth Annual Report of the American Asylum at Hartford has just been received. The Directors' report announces the death of John Beach, the last survivor of the sixty-three original corporators of the Asylum, in the charter of May, 1816, who died on the 21st of August, 1880. Mention is made of the death of Rev. John C. Bull, a teacher for nearly 25 years, and of Mrs. Eliza Clere, widow of the first instructor, Laurent Clere.

Mr. Henry Kennedy, who has been steward for sixteen years, has resigned, and will leave at the close of this school term. Mr. Wm. P. Williams, of Bellows Falls, formerly of Hartford, has been appointed his successor. The Secretary of the Corporation retires after twenty-one years of honorable service.

In the Principal's report, we find that the number of pupils under instruction during the year has been 225. Prof. Williams takes a great interest in the deaf-mutes—not only those at present at school, but also those who have graduated. He reproduces in his report answer to letters which were sent to several firms who employed deaf-mutes who had formerly been taught at Hartford, and the replies are very encouraging, and show that their life at school has well prepared them to earn their own living in after life. Prof. Williams also has something to say concerning the Northampton and the International Conference at Milan, which well repays perusal, and demonstrates that the writer has studied both sides of the questions relating to the sign and the oral systems of teaching deaf-mutes.

NOTICES.

The Roman Catholic Deaf-Mute Literary and Benevolent Union in St. Francis Xavier's College at No. 30 West 16th St., will be closed July 31st and reopened on or about August 6th. All who live in New York City and vicinity wish to be accepted as members of this Union should please send their name and residence to Mr. John F. J. Tresch, (Corr. Sec.), 405 West 50th St. The debates shall commence on the first Wednesday in September next. This Society is considered quite a large one in the Metropolis. Some new Catholic Deaf-Mute Societies must be organized throughout United States and Canada,

A service for deaf-mutes will be conducted by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain in Trinity Mission Chapel, Newark, N. J., next Sunday, June 19th, at 4 P. M.

Rev. Mr. Mann expects, God willing, to conduct services at St. John's Church, Detroit, on Sunday, July 3d, at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. The Morning Service will be out in time for the Holy Communion.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to baptize some children of deaf-mute parents in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes Street, Boston, on Sunday, July 3d, at 8:30 P.M. He hopes that other deaf-mute parents residing in Boston and vicinity, desirous of having their children baptized, will improve this opportunity.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. Charles Seamen paid a visit to Farmingdale, L. I., recently.

Mr. Wilkinson and his wife, both of Fall River, were in Boston, Sunday, the 13th inst.

Mrs. Follett's husband, a hearing man, has been a selectman of North Smithfield, R. I., nine years, and last week he declined to serve any longer. He is respected by all who know him.

Harry Glasco has left his place with Sweeney & Bro., of Jeffersonville, Ind., and is now working in the axle shop at the Ohio Falls Car Works. He makes better wages at his new place.

Miss Nannie Canaan has a nice home in Bell Centre, O., and has saved up \$450. She is fond of her country home. Her mother died about two years ago, and her father is working a farm of 175 acres in Wisconsin.

The bill passed by the legislature of Florida, appropriating \$3000 for a school for deaf-mutes, through some legal quibble has failed to become law; so the mutes of Florida who are uneducated will have to remain so, unless private schools are started.

Mr. Charles W. Mowry purchased a very fine toy buggy a few days since. His wife, Mrs. Mary Mowry, is happy and prides herself on it very much. He recently bought a yoke of well-matched oxen in Brighton, Mass. He has a hired man and is very busy.

Henry D. Stillman, of Cumberland Hill, R. I., is working for his father. He indulges in victory sports and is a good fellow. Although his father is one of the most prominent doctors in Rhode Island, he takes a great interest in the neighboring mutes.

Erwin Aldrich and J. F. D., who made a pleasant call on Mrs. Follett last Sunday, were much impressed with Miss Fuller's picture. Mrs. Follett thinks a great deal of her and will have it framed. Woonsocket would gladly welcome Miss Fuller should she ever think of coming there.

Perry Barnes had a narrow escape from drowning off the coast of Florida in the Gulf of Mexico, lately. He was out in a sail boat which capsized, but swam to the shore, which he reached in an exhausted condition. Mr. Barnes owns a fine orange grove of 3000 young and flourishing trees, well located.

Mrs. Whipple Follett's birthday, on May 6th, passed off quietly. She was the recipient of some valuable presents, such as an elegant silver cake-basket, three high-toned chairs, a French diamond ring, a castor and a cabinet photograph from Miss Angie Fuller, also a number of other presents from other sources.

The closing examinations of both departments at the West Virginia Institution were conducted by Rev. Mr. Finely and Col. Alex. Monroe. The deaf-mutes were examined in their respective school-rooms, in the forenoon, and the blind in the chapel in the afternoon. All did credit to their teachers as well as to themselves, and wait for the committee's report.

It was stated in the papers the other day that Angus McKay, a deaf and dumb printer from St. John, N.B., was drowned in the St. Lawrence. The Charlottetown Patriot says: "We fear that the person mentioned is Evan McKay. He is a deaf-mute and a printer. The last time we heard of him he was in St. John's, Newfoundland. His parents live in Malpeque."

SOMEWHAT MIRACULOUS.—The man to whom the press referred some time ago as having been struck dumb for blaspheming, has not yet recovered articulate speech. A camp companion of his states that there were five lumbermen in the camp, with stakes of \$1 each. After letting out some fearful oaths and when all the others had given up, he reached out his hand for the money. He instantly grew pale and began to shiver, remaining sick for some time. On being questioned, he cannot make himself understood, but mumbles some kind of Babylonian gibberish that astonishes every one who hears him.—*Fredericton Capital*.

It is to be hoped that the Senate will not fail to pass the appropriation for the benefit of the Deaf-Mute Institution for Western Pennsylvania. It is one of the most deserving of all our public charities; and, besides, the appropriation of \$60,000 is a conditional one. The trustees now hold land worth \$20,000, and they have to raise \$40,000 in cash before they can get the State appropriation. The individual fund is already largely pledged, and will be made up in full if the appropriation now pending in the Senate goes through. Rev. John G. Brown, D.D., President of the Institution, left for Harrisburg last evening to look after the bill, upon the passage of which the fate of the deaf-mute school so largely depends.—*Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette*, June 7, 1881.

FINE WORKMANSHIP.—A patient, persevering fellow in Carleton, named Timothy Keleher, spent all his idle moments of last winter in making a miniature man-of-war after the model of the "Vandalia," the American sloop that was in our harbor for a couple of weeks last summer. The little vessel which is about two feet and a half long is artistically mounted in a glass case, and the closest inspection shows that every part of the work is done according to rule and on strictly scientific principles. The sailors are to be seen on the vessel's deck and a full band of music is floating its melodies in the breeze. Boats of man-o-war's men, yachts, a tug and a pilot boat are in full view. The work is worthy of inspection, and competent judges say that the builder should receive at least \$100 for the vessel, and that it would readily bring that price in the United States. The builder is a deaf-mute who never learned a trade or went to school.—*St. John (N. H.) Globe*.

The Goodson Gazette says good-bye till September 17th.

Thomas Brown's letter will appear in our next.

Miss Annie Drum is learning dressmaking in Cobourg, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Brown have removed to No. 22 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Messrs. Bernard Clark and James Russell work very hard in the *Local Reporter* office.

Mr. John F. J. Tresch goes to Montreal, Can., again after the excursion of the M. L. A. next July.

There are too many peddlers who are deaf-mutes in New York City, selling alphabet cards, at 5 cents each.

A deaf-mute from St. John's N. B., visited the Catholic Deaf-Mute Society for the first time. His name is John McCarthy.

Mr. John F. J. Tresch, a rising deaf-mute artist, has just painted two pictures of his father and mother which he finished last week.

Mr. Gorham D. Abbott, of Lowell, Mass., is to conduct a religious service before the deaf-mutes in Boston, Sunday, the 19th inst.

The celebrated young deaf-mute artist, Mr. John F. J. Tresch, of this city, will go to Canada next July, where he will paint several portraits of his friends.—(Studio and home note in N. Y. Herald.

The forty-fourth St. Institution will close to-day, June 16th, for vacation, and will re-open at the new building on Lexington Avenue, opposite the Seventh Regiment Armory, next September 7, 1881.

John F. J. Tresch would like to know the address of Mr. John Ward, formerly teacher in the Montreal Catholic Deaf and Dumb Institution. He is now in St. John, N. B., and Mr. Tresch would like to know the number of his residence.

If Miss A. H. Freeman should see this item, will she kindly inform a former pupil of the Indiana Institution, who now lives in New York City, the address of Miss Myer and Miss Marks. The former is supposed to live in Lafayette, Ind., and the latter in Fort Wayne, Ind.

The debate on "Which is the most preferable, City or Country?" at the Catholic Deaf-Mute Society, was not discussed, because about half a dozen of the members were absent on Wednesday, June 8th, and the President, John McNally, announced to that it would be left over until next autumn.

On Sunday last, Mr. Emil Basch, a semi-mute and a graduate of the Vienna, (Austria), Deaf-Mute Institution, was admitted as a citizen of the United States of America in the Court of Common Pleas, in New York City. He is a Russian by birth and likes his adopted fatherland very much.

A deaf-mute named Sword, has lately been arrested for vagrancy and sent to the Moyamensing prison for six months. He came to Philadelphia from the West and is well known in the United States. Many mutes are glad of his arrest as he has always been a troublesome fellow.

William S. Lyre, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes, in June, 1878, is still living in Lowe's Cross Roads, Sussex Co., Del. He says he wishes to hear from some of his classmates in or near Philadelphia, Pa. He is now at home working at farming, where he lives in comfort.

A correspondent writes:—"All mutes, who intend sending their names to the 'Deaf-Mute Publishing Company' at Jackson, Mich., are informed that the real name of that 'Company' is Mr. Williams, formerly of the defunct *Silent People*. It was a dead-beat and a fraud; there will be no new mute newspaper published at all."

Last Sunday afternoon, after the service for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., Mr. F. W. Nuber handed Dr. Gallaudet \$7.77 for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, from the Students' Literary Union, of the Institution for Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, under Prof. Greenberger.

Friday night, June 10th, the Rev. Job Turner was prompt to his postponed appointment in Cincinnati, O. He delivered a lecture before a fine meeting of about forty deaf-mutes in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, on dangers, physical, mental, social, law, etc. The next day he went to Maysville, Ky., to hold a service on Sunday night, the 12th inst. He looked hearty and happy.

AN ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn that Mrs. Erras, a semi-mute, of Biddeford, Me., on June 8th, met with an accident by the catching of the heel of her boot in the covering on the stairs in a mill and falling down the stairs while going to her dinner. She received many bruises on her side, face and arms, and will not be able to work again for some time.

Mrs. Mary A. Erras, a semi-mute, has got a good situation in a mill at Biddeford, Me., with some other deaf-mute girls. She never went to the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford, Conn., but was educated at a common school in Portland, Me. She is a fine and pleasant looking woman, and is an intelligent and interesting talker. She spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John W. Page. Her husband died some two years since.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was very kind to answer to Mr. John F. J. Tresch, the Corresponding Secretary of the Catholic Deaf-Mute Society, and the former compliment to the Society in his letter.

He wrote a few lines as follows: "I trust that you and your friends will be benefited by your services and society meetings in St. Francis Xavier Church (not church, but 'college') I pray that he has commanded me may so pass through things temporal as to gain eternal life."

"Yours very Sincerely," "THOMAS GALLAUDET."

HYMNAL.

MOSELER-HOUSTON.—On Wednesday afternoon, June 8th, at 4 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. George W. Knight, Washington Ave., Port Jervis, Miss Eva Horton was united in marriage to Mr. John P. Mosler, of East Strandsburg, Pa., by the Rev. W. E. Blakeslee, of the M. E. Church of this place. The bride was beautifully dressed in a wine-colored silk dress trimmed with sash and lace without train. The groom was faultlessly attired in black broadcloth. The ceremony was witnessed by a few relatives and friends, among who were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Witselief, of Main Street, this village. After the ceremony they all sat down to a beautiful collation. The presents were numerous and beautiful. The happy couple on starting for the train received a shower of good wishes. After a short visit in this vicinity they will go to East Strandsburg, where they will make their home.

Mrs. Mosler is a graduate of the New York Institution, class of '75, and Mr. Mosler is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, class of '72.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowden, of Beverly, Mass., have Mr. and Mrs. Cary's deep sympathy in their affliction. The former are Mrs. Cary's old classmates.

Mr. John O. David, of New Hampshire, delivered an excellent sermon before the deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity, at 18 Essex Street, Boston, Sunday forenoon, June 13.

On the 12th inst., Mr. Geo. Holmes, a deaf-mute, told some deaf-mutes at the Deaf-Mute Society about the Pic-Nic on the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth days of July next, in Beverly, Mass.

Mr. Jos. R. Goldman, of Middleton, O., is preparing to go East (after the picnic of the Cincinnati Deaf-Mute Society, June 30th). He intends visiting relatives and friends in New York.

Mr. Cary, of Malden, Mass., would like to know where Mr. Albert J. Hasly, formerly of Maine, a semi-mute, is now. Will he please send his address to Daniel W. Cary, 117 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.?

Mrs. Adam Reidel, of Farmingdale, L. I., recently paid a visit to Mr. Gilbert Hicks. She says Mr. Hicks does not think he will be able to attend the M. L. A. Excursion in July owing to pressure of business.

Rev. Mr. A. W. Mann delivered a very interesting lecture (his subject, Heroes of truth) before the Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society, at the Y. M. C. A. room on the evening of June 11th. They appreciated his kind feeling and interest in the society.

Miss Laura Bridgeman, the blind, and deaf and dumb lady of South Boston, who, in spite of her many misfortunes, possess a cheerful spirit and many accomplishments, is visiting at Newport, Mr. Oliver Caswell, a blind resident of Jamestown, R. I.—*New York Telegram*, June 13.

Col. Nick L. Anderson, of Cincinnati, O., the gentleman from whom the Anderson Literary Association, of Cincinnati, derives its name, sent to the treasurer of the Society a check for \$50 as his contribution to the society. It certainly was an unexpected and agreeable surprise, a gift greatly appreciated by all for his noble, generous and heartfelt feeling toward the society. He also expressed his well wishes for its success and prosperity. Many grateful thanks to him.

The Anderson Deaf-Mute Society, of Cincinnati numbering 50 members, held a special meeting in Y. M. C. A. Hall last evening, where they were entertained with an address by the Rev. Job Turner, of Staunton, Va., who is a missionary at large to deaf-mutes all over the Southern and the New England States. The reverend gentleman is most genial looking, of about sixty summers, and for about ninety minutes held his well pleased audience in close attention by his very quiet and graceful delivery.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, June 11.

Mr. Cary, compositor at Rand, Avery & Co's, is a member of the "Franklin Press Benefit Association" which now has 103 members. The association is in a prosperous condition, and helps those who are "sick printers." Miss Annie Louise Cary, the celebrated American singer, is a niece of Mr. Cary, and is now visiting her relatives and friends in Maine. Miss Belle Flagg lives next to Mr. Cary's cousin, Cornelius T. Dunham, on Fembroke Street, Boston. Mr. Dunham and family are to sail for Europe, Saturday, the 18th inst., to be gone until September. Mr. Cary, with his little boy, went to Boston last Sunday forenoon, to a deaf-mute meeting, and then went over to Charlestown in the afternoon to give Mr. Eddie Frisbee, the well-known deaf-mute of Boston, a short talk but he was away from home.

The date of the Fair of the School for Deaf-Mutes at Beverly, under the charge of a committee of ladies, has been fixed upon the 25th and 26th of June. The tickets are out. The people of the town are very much interested in the success of the School and many have already promised to read articles for the Fair. An exhibition of the pupils will also be given, to show the progress they have made during only one year of the school's existence. The first thing on the programme will be an address of welcome by one of the little girls. The Lord's Prayer and the poem, beginning with "Now I lay," will be delivered in signs by two little girls, and a story in pantomime will be delivered by one of the boys. The selectmen have kindly granted the free use of the Town Hall for the two days of the Fair. Many mutes from Boston and vicinity are expected to attend the Fair.

There are commencements and commencements, but there are no commencement exercises that can draw an annual audience of twelve hundred people to an opposite end of the town, as those at the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and the Blind can. Tuesday evening the drum to hear the concert by Prof. Turner and Miss Berkeley's pupils, that poured along the streets seemed to be endless. It is hardly necessary to say that the people were well repaid for their walk.

Wednesday the final exercises of the school were had. They had been preceded by a rigid examination made at the request of the Principal, Capt. Thos. S. Doyle, by a committee composed of Dr. Robert S. Hamilton, Superintendent of the Saunton Public Schools; Commodore Crosby, U. S. N.; H. L. Hoover, Principal of the Hoover High School; Prof. S. H. Coleman and Capt. W. A. McCue. The inspection of the committee extended to every department of the school, and their report made through their Chairman, Dr. Hamilton, expressed the highest satisfaction with both the management and educational training at the Institution.—*Vindicator*, Staunton, (Va.), June 10.

WEDDING.

Miss Katie Kearney, a deaf-mute daughter of Edward Kearney, a well-known auctioneer under the firm of Van Tassel & Kearney of the city of New York, was married to Mr. William Wright of this city, last Wednesday morning, June 8th, at her residence, No. 453 Madison Ave., by Rev. Dr. Cook. She was a pupil in the 4th St. Institution, but she was not a graduated. Mr. and Mrs. Wright went to Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands, White Mountains and Saratoga on their wedding tour.

Miss Lizzie Kearney, a sister of Katie, (also a daughter of Edward Kearney) was united in matrimony to Mr. John H. Mooney. The wedding was private, only a few of the most intimate friends of the contracting parties being present. Last Wednesday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Mooney sailed for Europe on the steamship Gallia, of the Cunard line. They will make a tour of the Continent and return to New York City next autumn. Both ladies are very handsome, and are well-known in society, and at the different fashionable watering places where they spend the summer. Mrs. Wright is considered a belle.

Mr. Veditz to "Mr. Why."

Mr. Why.—You say that you "do not imagine any thing, and that you know whereof you wrote in our case."

(Referring to your article in the JOURNAL of April 14th.) Both we and the students indignantly refute the statement you made in your so called apology, in that issue, as false.

You say you thought us a perfect gentleman. Glad to know we stood so high in your opinion, but are a little curious as to what could have induced you to alter that very flattering opinion of us. Because we expressed our opinion of you in plain English? Because we called you a "contemptible scoundrel"? If so, your own coin does not seem to pass currency with you.

Moreover, let me add that there is a difference of opinion about our not being a gentleman and your not being a "contemptible scoundrel." We do not in the least hesitate to leave it to the good sense of the readers of the JOURNAL to decide that question.

Obiges unthelnt unsere Antwort auf Ihre Frage, welcher von uns am besten berechtigt sei den Namen eines Edelmannes zu beanspruchen. Was Sie schreiben ist so viel wie eine Behauptung wir seien dieses Titels unwürdig, und als Grund geben Sie unsere Weigerung Ihre Abbitte anzunehmen. Sie vergessen dass die Annahme einer Bitte um Verzeihung von der Weise in der sie gemacht wird abhängt. Und ihre eigene Abbitte wurde mit einer Behauptung begleitet die geradezu als eine neue und absichtliche Beleidigung klang.

Hier haben sie einen der Grunde weshalb ich Ihre Abbitte nicht annehme.

G. W. VEDITZ.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the professors, teachers and pupils of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, held Friday, June 10, 1881, to interchange thought and feeling excited by the recent death of Joseph W. Patterson, for 21 years a member of the Board of Directors of the Institution, and for the last fifteen years its treasurer, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That, by the death of Joseph W. Patterson, this Institution has lost an officer, far sighted, wise and good, and we, individuals, a friend so appreciative, sympathetic and benevolent, that we are called upon, not only to revere his memory and to mourn his loss, but also to emulate his example so far as it can be followed by us in our separate spheres of action, and to adopt the Christian principles which were the foundation of his life.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family our sincere sympathy in their sorrow, at the same time that we bow our heads in acknowledgment that what is their loss and ours is his everlasting gain.

Resolved, That the principal and teachers be authorized and requested to represent all of us here assembled, at the funeral services to-morrow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be offered for publication to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, with the request that they be copied by other papers having an especial interest in the deaf.

ATTEST. ISAAC LEWIS PEET, Principal.

Defending her Father.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In the *Advance*, of May 7th, a correspondent speaks of a "new society," and that "the members, after a three hours' lecture, linger until twilight, asking questions and receiving the answers with undisguised wonder." What if father did "lecture three hours," is not the subject and the cause of religion worthy of devoting that much time to it? And, what if the members did linger until twilight asking questions and receiving answers with wonder?

Does that not speak well for the interest the members take in the cause? And does it not show that the lecturer knows how to handle the subject of religion? And, then, again, even if he did lecture for three hours, and even if the members did linger until twilight, etc., is that a cause for others to sit in judgment, unfavorable, unasked? The correspondent goes on to say that the people of Chicago are to be congratulated upon their good fortune in having obtained a corps of teachers so thoroughly imbued with Swedenborgian Principles, that it will be impossible for them to give their pupils any amount of religious instruction, without imparting a tincture of their own peculiar belief. "If the correspondent means to insinuate that the teachers of the deaf and dumb schools of Chicago teach their pupils any of their own 'peculiar beliefs' about religion, she speaks on a subject that she seems to know nothing about. We suggest that she thoroughly posts herself in these matters before publicly attacking them again. The Principal has repeatedly charged the teachers not to teach the children any of his New Church doctrinal ideas; and to teach 'truth-telling justice, kindness, etc., only, and leave the children to follow their parents' peculiar beliefs.' Does this show proclivity [?] or even a "tincture" of bigotry? Besides, my father is not a "Swedenborgian"; because he believes in following facts, truths and principles, not men. Then she goes on to say that she prefers the "old religion," etc.; now what do we care what her belief is, or how old it is, if it makes her inwardly good and happy. It looks very much as if she attacked others' religion, just to give her a chance to tell what her own "peculiar belief" was; does it not? Is that a very charitable or christian way of doing business? As to the old religion; pray how old is Methodism? As I understand that the correspondent is a Methodist Wesleyite, well that is all right. If she will look into the New Am. Cyclopaedia, she will find that Methodism or Wesleyism was promulgated between 1729 and 1739, and that Swedenborg lived and wrote about the same time. By it, she will see that Methodism is not much older

if any, than the New Church Doctrine. Swedenborg was born in 1688, and died in 1772. Wesley was born in 1703 and died 1791, making Swedenborg 15 years older than Wesley. She breaks the commandment that says: "Thou shalt not bear false witness," and if she has unwittingly done so, she should retract it as soon as possible. Besides no one asked her opinion on the subject through the press. She should simply have stated the facts, not hearsay, without saying what she was, or comparing others' ideas and beliefs to her own as though they were inferior to hers.

The Bible also says "Love one another." Do the tone and spirit of her article breathe "love" towards us and others? If it does breathe love, it was unequalled for as we did not attack her own "peculiar belief." I think it would be a good idea for her to read Sir Matthew Hale's "Moral Precepts," especially the first, second and third paragraphs. She will find it in the "Model Fourth Reader" by Webb. She says that she believes in taking the Bible in a practical way all right even if she is a *literalist* (?). Can she walk through *literal fire* and come out of it without scorching herself or her clothes? Please permit me to just to say that I *guess* she would have to take the word "fire" and look at it in a "Science of correspondence" light to get its *true spiritual meaning*; and also the word "water." Has she or anybody else faith sufficient to walk on natural water? I think that she like many other pious people who accidentally or purposely stepped on water, would float just long enough to say a prayer or two, and then she would have to stand before the "great bar of justice," unless some kindly hand came to her rescue. But take the Bible in its *spiritual sense* and she will find no such conflicts with the natural laws; and as the Word is *spirit*, it must have a *spiritual meaning* and refer to spiritual things and spiritual states of man. God being divine, His word must necessarily be divine; and in its *spiritual sense* it is far more *edifying* to us than in its "letter" sense which "kilneth," but the spirit giveth life. Why may we not believe this without her permission or inference that we are wrong? Is she our pastor?

Without malice or ill-feeling toward the correspondent or anybody else, I hope that my feeble effort to defend my father and the teachers of the Chicago Mute Schools from *false inference* will have sufficient weight to show her where she errs, and give her an opportunity to rectify her mistakes.

I am, Yours Respectfully, in behalf of the truth. GRACE D. EMERY. P. S.—There is a new book just issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, called "The end of the World," by Wm. H. Holcombe, M.D., author of "Our Children in Heaven," "The Lost Truths of Christianity," etc. In which the author shows by History and the Bible itself, the meaning of the "spiritual sense." All who desire to see just what the Bible is and is not, and how near the end of the world we are, should procure a copy of this "Wonderful book," as a critical review calls it.

G. D. E.

OBITUARY.

JOSEPH WYMAN PATTERSON.

Mr. Joseph Wyman Patterson, a retired merchant, who was well-known in this city and in Boston, died suddenly of heart disease, at his Summer residence, Southampton, Long Island, early Wednesday morning. Mr. Patterson was a native of Boston, where he was born in May, 1812. He received a thorough business education in the dry goods house of A. & A. Lawrence, of Boston, and displayed such remarkable shrewdness and good judgment that at the early age of 19 he was sent to London to further the interests of his employers. He was afterward in business for himself, both in Boston and New York, as one of the firm of Almy, Patterson & Co. The title of the firm subsequently became Patterson, Son & Co., and thus continued for a period of eleven years. Four years ago, Mr. Patterson retired from active business pursuits, having then been identified with the mercantile community of this city for twenty-six years. In 1874, he was elected a Trustee of the Institution for the Savings of Merchants' Clerks, now located at No. 20 Union Square. The offices of Treasurer and Vice-President were successively filled by him, and at the time of his death, he was serving his first term as President. Mr. Patterson was President of the Demilt Dispensary, and by virtue of that office a Governor as well of the Roosevelt Hospital, and Treasurer both of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb and of the Lying-in Asylum for Destitute Females. He was also an active Director of the Merchant's National Bank, in Wall Street, and a member of the Executive Committee of the New York Historical Society. Mr. Patterson was an intimate friend of the late Rev. Dr. William Adams. A widow and four children, one son and three daughters, survive him. His remains were brought yesterday from Southampton to the family residence, No. 80 West Twentieth St. The funeral will take place at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, from the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. The interment will be in the Patterson family vault in Mount Auburn, just outside of Boston.—*New York Times*, May 10.

EMPIRE STATE DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

The Ninth Biennial Reunion of the above named Association will be held in the City Opera House of Utica, on the 31st of August and the 1st of September, 1881.

The meeting of the first day will be opened at 9 o'clock with prayer and an address of welcome by the Mayor of Utica. Following these in order, will be the President's address and the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports.

The afternoon session will begin at 2 o'clock, and an oration will be delivered by Mr. J. H. Eddy, of the Rome Deaf-Mute Institution. Addresses from distinguished gentlemen, such as Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, Prof. E. B. Nelson, of the Rome Institution, Prof. Z. F. Westervelt, of the Rochester Institution, Rev. Job Turner, and others, are expected. The addresses and proceedings of the meetings will be interpreted for the benefit of hearing people present.

The morning service of the second day will begin at 9:30. Papers on different subjects relating to the deaf and dumb, written by prominent deaf-mutes, will be read. (We hope there will be several prepared). A paper on "Steady Employment for the Deaf-Mutes" will be read by H. C. Rider.

At the afternoon session, which opens at 2 o'clock, the election of officers of the Association for the two years, will take place. Resolutions, amendments to the Constitution, etc., will come next in order.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will give the Reunion an account of his late visit in Europe, and also hold the usual service at some church in the city.

The following hotels will accommodate guests at reduced rates: The Bagg's Hotel and the Butterfield House, both managed by one proprietor, at the rate of \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day—the fifty cents being for the best rooms; and the Grand Central Hotel, \$1.50 per day.

Correspondence.
[All our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, and do not identify our views with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

FANWOOD

Death of the Treasurer of the New York Institution.

VISITORS EXAMINATIONS AND A BATCH OF WHITTINGS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The sad news of the death of Mr. Joseph W. Patterson, who died at his summer residence in Southampton, L. I., and who had been a Director of this Institution for the past twenty-one years, and for many years Treasurer, reached the Institution Friday, the 10th inst. In the afternoon the officers and pupils assembled in the chapel, where appropriate resolutions were offered. The death of this good and great man following so quickly after that of Dr. Adams, D.D., for whom all interested in the deaf-mute world still mourn, was a severe blow.

Mrs. A. C. Cheney and Mrs. F. D. Clarke, of New York City, with Miss Dawley, of California, spent the morning at the Institution on Thursday, the 9th. Mrs. Cheney is the wife of the gentleman—Mr. A. C. Cheney—whose fast steam-vessel bearing his name, escorted the "Arizona" down the New York Bay, at the time Dr. Peet and Rev. Dr. Stoddard, delegates from this Institution to the Milan Congress, sailed for Italy. Mrs. F. D. Clarke is the wife of one of the teachers connected with Fanwood. Miss Dawley's father is one of the directors of the California Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

A large lithographic picture, showing the single, double, and "arm" alphabets, by Chas. Parker, was placed in the boys' sitting-room. It also shows the hand alphabet used by the "noble red man." The "arm" alphabet is of good use when a person wants to converse and the talkers are a long distance apart, as the letters are made by the arms and legs.

"Do manners affect dress more than dress affect manners?" was the subject of the debate before the Fanwood Literary Association on the evening of Saturday, June 11th. Messrs. J. H. Dundon and A. Capelli supported the affirmative, and Messrs. C. W. Hathaway and A. L. Thomas the negative side. Mr. E. H. Singer volunteered for the affirmative side and Mr. Francis Crocker for the negative side. The voting was very close and resulted in only a majority of four for the negative side. The voters doubtless forgot that

"Fine feathers do not make fine birds."

"Who shall judge a man by his manners? Who shall know him by his dress? Fanwood may be fit for princes. Princes fit for something less Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket May bespoil the golden ore. Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—Satin vests can do no more."

Services were held in Rev. Mr. Donald's Church, 158th Street and Boulevard, on Sunday, the 15th. Dr. Gallaudet interpreted the services in the sign language. Several of the teachers and pupils were in attendance. The next day Dr. Gallaudet assisted at the morning services in the chapel, and entertained the pupils for about an hour with an account of his trip to the Old World.

SWEETENINGS.

Messrs. Reynolds, Stengele and Hankinson, visited the Institution on Sunday.

The Valedictorian this year is to be Mr. Charles W. Hathaway, and from what we have seen, we expect it will be a "stunner."

Mr. W. A. Wheelock, the gentleman who presented the three beautiful paintings to the Institution, which adorn the chapel, sailed for the "old country" on the 8th, in the "Gallia," of the Cunard Line. The Principal went to the steamer's wharf to bid him *bon voyage*.

Mr. A. T. Brown, one of the directors, in company with Miss Virginia Butler, a graduate of Fanwood, visited the class-rooms on the 8th.

Croquet has become all the rage since the lawn has been clipped, and on Saturdays, exciting games in the same old style are played.

The examinations begin on Thursday, the 16th. The examiner of the High Class this year is Prof. Marlborough Churchill, principal of the Madison Avenue School.

Last Saturday, the Harlem Rowing Association had their Annual Regatta, on the Harlem River. The entries for the four oared barges, were the Columbias, the Resolute, and a few others. The crew of the Resolute boat were made up of Messrs. F. D. Clarke, W. B. Peet, Theodore Peet, and another gentleman. The helm was under the management of Mr. C. M. Smith the clerk of the Institution. The white and blue of Columbia College came in first with the Resolute a short distance behind and the others nowhere.

One day last week, while out on the Hudson in the Evangeline, the crew espied a small steam launch belonging to the New York Yacht Club whose regatta was then under way. They soon came abreast of it and offered to race. The offer was accepted. From

the start the sturdy rowers drew the Evangeline steadily away, and continued to lead all the way to the Resolute Boat Club House.

HEN QUILL.

"COLUMBUS."

NEARING TO THE END—BASE BALL NOTES. THE INDEPENDENTS ON TOP AGAIN—SOCIETY ELECTIONS—PERSONAL GOSSIP—THE FETE OF THE CLONIONS—A ROYAL TIME AND FEAST ALL AROUND.

The last lesson for the term has been committed and recited. But two more classes remain to be reviewed in what they have learned for the past four months and these will be drawn up to-morrow. The trunks are packed, we might say, and but one more event on the year's programme remains to be fulfilled—viz., Graduation Exercises. These will occur upon Tuesday afternoon at half past two o'clock, and by the time this letter is in print the 52nd school term of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb will be numbered among the past and the pupils scattered throughout the state enjoying the pleasure of "Home Sweet Home."

The averages gained in the examinations since last reported have panned sort about as well as usual, the competition continuing vigorously by both sexes, the boys up to date being still *one* in the lead, though at one time, it was a neck and neck race. To-morrow's battles will decide which come out first.

The past week witnessed several amusing games of base ball which were more enjoyed for the way players ran after and caught the ball than by any good playing, the reason for this being that most of them were *green hands* at the bat. The first match was played between the two Academic classes, and was won by the 1st. Score 27 to 23.

The 2nd match was contested by the 1st and 2nd Grammar classes and was quite spirited, ten innings being required to settle it, and the 2nd Grammarians were the victors. Score 15 to 12.

Yesterday afternoon, the Independents and Mutuals, for the third time this season, came together—the Institution Grounds being the place—and we are glad to announce that they fully acquitted themselves and regained what they had lost in a previous game. Their playing throughout was excellent, especially the batting, which was very heavy and kept their opponents pretty much on the run. The score at the close of the game stood 17 for the Independents to 10 for the other side.—The Independents having still one more inning to their credit, which they did not care to play.

The two Literary societies of the Institution at their meetings, Saturday last elected officers as follows to serve for the next term.

OLD CLONIA.

President, John Benedict; Vice President, John Schild; Secretary, Lorenzo W. Fresno; Asst. Secretary, Clarence W. Charles; Treasurer, Thomas Crowley; Messenger, Frank Shannahan; Janitor, Clarkson Myers.

NEW CLONIA.

President, Matt. Mullen, (re-elected); Vice President, Dillon Elliot; Secretary, Benah D. Strong; Asst. Secretary, William L. Sawhill; Treasurer, Sarah Hughes; Librarian, Ulysses G. Miller; Messenger, Emma B. Burrell.

The "Russell Conservatory" was lighted up Thursday and Friday evenings, and from without presented a most brilliant and pleasing appearance. Within were gathered quite a number of Institution folks with a large sprinkling of citizens from the city. The cause of this being one of those rare attractions of Nature's wonders, a night blooming cereus in full bloom—one each evening.

The mine—quite a large one—promises several more such treats in the near future.

The rockery of "Fay Hill," which until the other day was bare and unsightly, now shows to better advantage since the florist has decked it with flowers and vines in harmony with surrounding things.

Rev. A. W. Mann was at the Institution one day this week on his way to Pittsburgh, Pa., to fill an engagement. Rev. Job Turner wrote to a friend that he would also be here, but failed to put in an appearance.

Mr. John Hahn, of last year's class, is here from Cincinnati to take part in the closing exercises of school. He is engaged as a marble cutter, and says the business agrees with him in a financial sense, and judging from his looks there is no doubt of it.

Mr. Wm. E. Hay, the "little boy" of the class of '79, came down yesterday to look in on his *Alma Mater* and see the changes wrought in three years. He has grown several inches since he left school and looks as if times went well with him.

Miss Clara Smith, who has been home since the death of her father last fall, and Miss Annie Fogle, who has been absent from school on account of sickness, are here. The latter graduates this year and came here expressly to take part in the exercises.

The boys in the A and B Study now tlink Prof. Atwood, who has charge of them, a capital man—cause, he distributed peanuts among them Friday evening by the bushel.

For some years past, it has been the custom of the Clonian Society near the close of the term to give a social, to which invitations are sent to a number of its friends, and on each occasion a general good time is had. Though there are two societies

now, still no exception was made to the old time custom, the two combining to make the affair a success, which it proved in every respect. This year's fete came off last night with brilliant effect. The chapel, parlors and balcony on the same floor, were used from 7 till ten o'clock, for games tete-a-tete and other amusements, in which all participated and passed a most enjoyable time. At the latter hour, an ascend was made to the D corridor and balcony where stands and chairs were placed and the guests invited to be seated. Delicacies of the season, delicious and in abundance were then served, and to which, it is needless to say, all did ample justice. An hour later the company broke up, heartily satisfied with the evening's entertainment and with the wish that the Clonions might live to enjoy many more such occasions. More than seventy five persons took part in the affair, and among those invited we noticed Supt. and Mrs. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Park, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield, Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Pratt, Mr. Wade, Mr. Hahn, Mr. Hay and others.

Eddie Holycross, one of the pupils, started for Cleveland Friday night, to obtain a position in the Cleveland Leader office as a type setter. The paper is experiencing a strike among its union printers, and advertises for a number of non-union men at 35 cents per thousand ems.

COLUMBUS.

6-12-81.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

NEWS—NOTES OF ALL SORTS COLLECTED AT RANDOM.

Now it is Dr. Fay.

Not one clear day during the week! Mr. Robinson, '84, has been elected corresponding Secretary to the Y. M. C. A.

Term examinations open on Friday 17th and continue to the 22d.

President and Mrs. Gallaudet held another of their delightful receptions Wednesday evening last.

The Juniors' examinations in Analytical Chemistry have been in progress during the week. The College buildings have been filled with an (un) odoriferous perfume in consequence.

Our last Sunday School Concert comes off to-morrow afternoon. The Senior class will lay aside their telegraphic operations for a while and conduct the services.

Prof. Porter read a paper on "Vowel Systematization" before the Biological Society of the Smithsonian Inst., on Monday evening, the 15th. There was present a large and appreciative audience to witness his demonstrations by means of the Bell Symbols.

A notice of "No Admittance" placed at the porch of the Gymnasium indicates that the interior is receiving its finishing touches. The exterior, with one or two exceptions, may be said to be completed.

The Kendalls had another tug at Base Ball to-day, their opponents being the champion nine of the Gort's Printing Office. As usual they came off second best by the following score:

innings 1 5 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Printers 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 6 2-9
Kendalls 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 4 1-8

The third match game of lawn tennis between the Kendalls and English club was played on the lawn this afternoon. The Kendalls were represented by Messrs. Angell and Budd who won four sets to the Englishmen's one. Altogether the Kendalls have won two matches out of three. A large number of ladies were present during the game. Mr. Edward Thorton, Jr., was the umpire.

A number of the Students connected with the Lutheran denomination sent a letter of greetings to the General Synod of the Lutheran Church of the United States, which met in general convention at Altoona, Penn., on June 8th.

Owing to the continued rain of the past week, our Sunday School Excursion did not come off. However, as to-day is quite fair, the Primary Department will take a sail up this river on the W. W. Corcoran. The boat leaves 7th Street wharf at 5 p.m., and will return at 9 p.m. The students are too busy to go picnicking just now, and will wait till June 21st.

During the Christmas recess of '79 a very exciting game of foot-ball was played on our grounds, between the Kendalls and an eleven composed of students from various colleges spending the holidays in Washington. Our artistic teacher, Mr. Bryant, took a sketch of the scene at the time and is at present engaged on a large painting in which he intends to depict the scenes of the match. The painting will be ready within a year, and promises to be a very interesting study.

Prof. Fay is at present blushing under the load of congratulations he is receiving, and few men better deserve praise for genuine learning. The Faculty of the John Hopkins University have acknowledged this by placing Prof. Fay's name on the Honor List of the University, and conferring on him the meritorious degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The Professor made a very high mark in the required examination, his principal study being the Romance Languages. His thesis was "On the conditional relation in the Romance language."

The College Calendar for the remainder of the term is as follows:

June 17th, 20th, 21st—Term examinations.

June 19th—Baccalaureate Sermon, by President Gallaudet.

June 21st, p.m.—Afternoon Picnic ending with Class Ball.

June 22d, a.m.—Conferring of degrees.

June 22d, m.—Vacation.

June 11, 1881. LESTER MONTROSE.

Death of Mr. Joseph Mackay.

MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES, 1 MONTREAL, June 7, 1881.

It is with sincere regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. Joseph Mackay, the President of this Institution, the donor of the building and the land, and in many ways our benefactor and friend, which took place on the 2nd of June.

The charitable Institutions of Montreal as a whole have benefited by Mr. Mackay's liberality, but it is with this place that his honored name will be closely and permanently associated. Instead of bequeathing in his will perishable riches when he could no longer personally profit by them, he wisely in his lifetime gives as Providence had blessed him, and tasted the luxury of doing good. He followed at a humble distance in the footsteps of his Divine Master, and as by us, and by many more, his name will be ever held in grateful remembrance, so do we confidently hope that he will not be forgotten before a far higher tribunal, and that of him it is assuredly true that "he shall in no wise lose his reward."

(From the Montreal Witness.)

"In the course of an address in the sign-language, which he gave to the deaf-mutes in the Mackay Institution, on Sunday last, Mr. Widd, the Principal, said: 'The sense of loneliness has come over us. The first to be removed from our midst was Mr. J. G. Mackenzie, the father of our late Secretary-Treasurer. Mr. W. H. Van Vliet, the father of one of our pupils, and a warm friend of our school, was taken next. Now we mourn the loss of our late President, Mr. Joseph Mackay, whose mortal remains we are to follow to the grave to-morrow, June 8th, the anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of our Institution. He who has done so much for deaf-mutes, as well as for others, is 'gathered unto Him.' We all know what pleasure his genial presence gave us whenever he entered our school-room, and how we loved and respected him for his goodness and Christian virtues. We mourn our loss; our thoughts are drawn heavenward. We must remember our lives are short, and death will visit us again. Our duty is to be prepared. We should follow the good example set us by our late President. We cannot be as liberal as he was, because we have not his fortune, but we can so order our lives as to follow in his footsteps, by being sober, industrious, kind, good-hearted and sincere Christians. For such was Mr. Mackay. He loved his dear Saviour, and wishes us to love him too. He gave us our beautiful building in order that we might have the means of acquiring knowledge, both of this world and of the world to come. His life was pure, benevolent and Christ-like. He labored for our good and the glory of God; and ere now he, doubtless, has heard the voice saying, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

Obituary.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—We regret to learn that Mrs. Adeline F. Bowler, wife of Rev. J. R. Bowler, of Rockland, Me., mother of Albert Bowler, deaf-mute, died at her home, aged 55 years, 5 months and 8 days. She had lived in Rockland a great many years. She became a follower of Christ at the early age of eleven years. She was baptized into the fellowship of the Second Baptist Church in Palermo, Me. On April 14th, 1850, she was united in marriage with Mr. J. R. Bowler. She was retiring in nature, and hence in public life exhibited a degree of christian activity. But in her home the grace of a christian life were always manifested. She willingly and assiduously devoted herself to her home duties, patiently bearing the double responsibilities thrown upon her by the itinerant labors of her husband. Her long lingering illness of two years and a half was attended with great suffering. But by the grace and presence of her Saviour, she bore it patiently. During the last few days of her life, her peace and comfort were great; she spoke of revelations of Christ, and her heavenly home, made to her. With these assurances she waited for God to take her. Mrs. Bowler left a legacy for the B. M. Convention, thus evincing her interest in the work which her husband has so long been engaged. She left the husband and son in their affliction who may have the prayers and sympathy of their friends. She was much respected and will be greatly missed as she was ready and willing to die and was very happy.

J. W. P.

BIDDEFORD, ME., June 8, 1881.

George W. Schutt's Appointments.

Stottsville, N. Y. June 5th.

Newburgh, N. Y. " 13th.

Quarryville, N. Y. " 19th.

Albany, N. Y. " 26th.

PHILADELPHIA.

Competitive Debate.

VARIOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Last Wednesday evening, (June 8th), there were nearly 100 persons, (pupils of both sexes, teachers and visitors) in attendance, manifesting by their deep attention their interest in the competitive debate between Messrs. Barker, Eaton and Reider, members of the Chirological Literary Society of the Pennsylvania Institution, and Messrs. Wilson, Lewis and the writer, of the Chirological Lyceum of the Y. M. C. A., which was given in the chapel of the Pennsylvania Institution.

Professor James Milnor Pratt acted as chairman on the occasion. The subject of discussion was: "Was the execution of King Charles I. justifiable?"

Messrs. Barker and Eaton, upon the affirmative side, discussed the question, and each of them delivered their arguments in only five minutes, and Messrs. Wilson and Lewis attended to the interest of the negative side each arguing for the same length of time. The arguments on both sides were well presented. Messrs. Barker, Eaton and Reider, "our babies" came upon the stage, in light bluish gray clothes, looking like stern and patriotic soldiers. They made us imagine that they had been agitated against King Charles I, and according to the rights of the soldiers, they made their orations in favor of the execution of the king. When upon the stage, Messrs. Wilson Lewis and the writer, dressed like a noble of King Charles I, with white or dark vest and dark clothes, in despair made an attempt to rescue the King from execution, by making speeches in 'supporting the defence of King Charles I, but at last they found their efforts fruitless. John R. Lewis, Esq., the tallest long-mouthed debator, made his speeches with his hands very fast, like a lightning express locomotive, while discussing.

According to the decision, by a set of three judges, Mr. J. A. Roop, Supreme Judge; Messrs. William Lee and Hagy, Subordinate Judges, the members of the Chirological Society of the Pennsylvania Institution carried away the honors in the competitive debate. Hurrah for "Little Babies!" Too much bitter gall for the "Big Daddies!"

After this, Prof. Jerome T. Elwell, as critic, presented his report before the audience, relative to the competitors and their arguments.

Then Messrs. Barker, Humphrey and Manning, of the Chirological Literary Society, acted a laughable dialogue, entitled "Flattery disproved," which caused the audience to burst into hearty laughter. The writer was called upon the stage, and stated that the Chirological Lyceum was recently organized in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, and as it has given about six debates at the meetings since its organization, our Lyceum was glad to have the honor to accept the competitive debate with the Chirological Literary Society, to see which could best master the question. Now I have found that ours were defeated, but I will give three cheers to those who beat us in the debate. Then he read a paper giving the programme of the Lyceum, which will be given in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms next Wednesday evening, June 15th. All are welcome!!!

A vote of thanks was tendered to Prof. Jas. M. Pratt for his kindness in presiding at the meeting. Among the audience were Professors Hitchcock and Arms, Miss Kirly, the Matron, Mr. Jas. H. Kingsmore, one of the Reception Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association; "Bolla Lu," "Violet," and "Queen Bess" were present.

PARAGRAPHS.

Gloomy and disagreeable weather. "Fourth of July" is coming near or nearer.

The City Council's Committee on Police met yesterday, to approve of an ordinance prohibiting, under a penalty, the manufacture, sale, exposure for sale, or use of toy pistols, toy cannons, devil's bombs or toys, or small hand weapons of any character, for firing salutes for celebration purposes, or the employment of gun powder, gun-cotton, fulminating powder, or other explosive materials, in their manufacture, or use within the limits of the city. Good for the boys!

Messrs. Joseph A. Roop, Daniel Paul and the writer are the candidates for a delegate to the Pennsylvania Convention at Harrisburgh, to represent the Lyceum of the Y. M. C. A., who is to be elected next Wednesday, at the meeting. Guess who will go?

Mrs. Kaiser, a mute of Reading, Pa., was in town and visited the Exhibition of Prof. Hitchcock's High Class, in the chapel of the Pennsylvania Institution last Wednesday afternoon.

Mayor King ordered his policemen to "enumerate the number of deaf-mutes with their addresses in their districts. What for? It may be that he wants to employ mutes on his force in this city! Isn't this so?

More news after a while.

WILLIAM H. LIPSETT.

June 10, '81.

Reminiscences of Fanwood.

Miss Joggles, who holds the memory of her late lamented father, the good Joggles, in great respect, having requested me to send to the JOURNAL any thing that I might happen to remember about him, I hasten to comply.

The name of Joggles is always connected in my mind with the great Kouponeti. Few of the present generation have any idea of how great Kouponeti was. He was a bold leader of the Fanwoods, and for the benefit of the present generation I will say

"One blast upon his bugle horn,
Was worth a thousand men!"

like those of to-day.

What a gallant class that was years ago! There was big Nan, Kouponeti the brave, the good Joggles, Harry Dennis, of Denmark (if he is still living and should see this, I would be much obliged if he would give me the correct spelling of the name of that chap who wrote an account of his relative, Hamlet. Some say his name ought to be spelled Shakespeare, others deny it), Llewellyn, and a host of others.

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are scattered far and wide,
By mount, by stream, by sea."

But to the story Miss Joggles wants. My dear young lady, you must have some consideration for my age. My pen cannot run like it did years ago; aged minds move slowly.

One day, Joggles took it into his head that the teachers who could hear were entirely too lazy, and slept too late. Six o'clock was late enough, in his opinion, for any body to remain in the land of Nod. With him, as with all great men, to think was to act, the only difficulty was how to awaken them. If he thundered at their door he might be caught. A common mind would instantly have thought of running away after rapping. Not so Joggles. He quietly borrowed an old-fashioned muzzle-loading pistol, loaded it and carefully put it away. Next morning he got up bright and early, took the pistol and going to the window, put his hand with the pistol in it out of the window and pulled the trigger. Of course, the reader thinks there was an explosion. If he or she so thinks, they are most lamentably mistaken. There was no explosion, though Joggles pulled the trigger until he was tired. Strange is it not? But, soft! I can explain it. While Joggles was out of the room I, thinking that it was a pity that the calm of an early morning should be rudely broken, quietly drew the load and stuffed a lot of paper into the pistol. Virtue is said to be its own reward, but I think the teachers owe me a large amount of gratitude for saving them from Joggles' *reville*.

Another time I was absent, and some one fired a pistol in the early morning. Immediately "Little Willie Jackson" bounced out of bed and rushed into the room in scanty attire, spelling as fast as he could, with his eyes almost jumping out of his head with either fear or excitement, I don't know which, but am rather inclined to think a mixture of both, "There are *gunboats* in the river!"

Joggles was famous in the base ball field. It did not make any difference how the ball came, if it could be stopped with his bat, but if that was impossible, his bat or even his head answered the purpose equally well. And then his running!!! It was like lightning. The only one who could beat him was Kouponeti. Harry Dennis tried often to beat Joggles, but it was of no use; Joggles always won. To be sure, the Fanwood nine was often defeated in spite of Joggles and Kouponeti, but in that case their opponents cheated—Fanwood *ought* to have won the game, but were cheated—shamefully cheated—Kouponeti always insisted.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

Appeal on behalf of the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-Mutes.

THIS INSTITUTION is now fully equipped for its work. Every appliance necessary to success has been provided. The original edifice, the generous gift of one of our citizens, has been perfected by the addition, during the past year, of substantial stone outbuildings (to be used as workshops, recreation rooms in wet weather, stores, stables, etc.) at a cost of nearly \$3,000.

The machinery is, therefore, complete. All that is needed further is the *might power*.

Of this the amount annually necessary, at the lowest calculation, for the present number of pupils (viz., 35—24 boys and 11 girls), which, however, will soon be considerably increased, is \$6,500. Towards this sum the Government grants \$1,729, while pupils' fees yield \$1,683, leaving a balance of a little more than \$3,000 to be provided for by voluntary contributions, exclusive of a floating debt of \$5,000, which is clamorously crying out for liquidation. Surely this is not too much to ask our fellow citizens to subscribe to the only Institution to be found in this Province for Protestant Deaf-Mutes.

During the past winter much sickness visited the Institution, which put the Managers to considerable expense in new drainage, alterations and repairs inside and outside of the buildings. This unexpected occurrence necessitated the sending home of many of the pupils, and greatly reduced the amount of income from pupils' fees.

This plan statement of facts is enough. *Argument* surely will not be needed to recommend such a cause.

If ever any object came close home to our hearts' best sympathies, this does. A merciful Providence has spared us and our children this terrible two-fold affliction. Let any reader of this appeal imagine himself shut up for a life-time in a prison-house, where silence reigns supreme, unbroken by a sound, and he will form some faint conception of the unhappy lot of those whom this Institution seeks to benefit and bless. The charity for which we plead is one of the divinest among the manifold forms of modern philanthropy. It breathes the spirit, perpetuates the work, and, we doubt not, receives the approving benediction of Him of whom it is written, "He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak."

MONTREAL, June, 1881.

OBITUARY.

Mr. William Dieckman, of New Albany, Ind., aged 60 years, a deaf-mute, and a tailor by trade, committed suicide Monday afternoon at three o'clock, by drowning. Shortly before the hour named, Dieckman was seen to get on one of the coal docks at the foot of Lower First Street, and after deliberating a moment jumped head foremost into the stream. Edward Sims, a longshoreman, saw Dieckman get on the coal-float, and they both recognized each other. Dieckman was standing about forty yards from Sims, and while the latter was watching the man's movements, Dieckman beat his breast with his fist and pointing to the water jumped in. He first struck himself over the heart very deliberately, as much as to say he was in trouble, and then pointing to the water, made a leap and was soon lost to sight. Sims threw him a rope, but he refused to take hold of it. Charles Kuener, who was sitting on the river bank 109 yards away, says Dieckman was sitting on the barge fishing when he last saw him, but no one else saw a fishing line with him. A boy named Green, soon after the body rose for the third time, dove down after and recovered it. It was brought to the shore, and Dr. Semon, after holding an inquest, returned a verdict to the effect that deceased came to his death by suicidal drowning. The body was placed in the care of his brother.

The above is clipped from the Louisville Courier Journal. The news was spread in Louisville by the hearing people, informing the deaf-mutes that a deaf-mute man was drowned, but could not give his name. It occurred on Monday afternoon, June 6th. It caused a tumult among the mute men, each supposing the deceased to be Mr. So-and-so, until Tuesday morning, when they were shocked to read an account of Mr. Dieckman's jumping into the Ohio River. Mr. Frank Rusk quickly took the cars over to New Albany to the brother of the deceased, Henry Dieckman, with whom William has been living on Upper and Eighth Street. He took a last look at the dead man, and says he looked natural. Henry Dieckman stated that the deceased had been suffering with rheumatism for two months. He used St. Jacob's Oil to ease the pain, and occasionally swallowed three to four drops of it. Later, he nearly swallowed half a bottle, and from the effects thereof he had shown evidences of insanity, and thus ended his suffering by drowning himself. He came with his brother to Louisville from Germany when young, and had been living in this city for some years, and then moved to New Albany where they have been living for years. He was educated in Germany, and had a good command of the German language. He could write but little English. After associating for so long with the mutes here he became familiar with the sign-language. He was never married. He frequently came over to Louisville to attend the Bible-class on Sunday afternoons. He thought the explanation of the lessons the teacher gave as good as a sermon to him. He was very bright and pleasant in manners, and looked young for his age. Death for the first time entered our Bible-class, and we together bow our heads in silent prayer, hoping he has gone to that better land where there is no suffering.

June 8, '81.

MARGARET.

Cleveland Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL: The mutes of Cleveland, O., met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Newhouse, No. 18 Charles Street, to celebrate the twenty-second birthday of their son David. He was presented with a pair of beautiful vases as a token of friendship, there were twenty mutes present, also a number of hearing persons, among whom were Rev. J. E. Carroll and wife. Mr. and Mrs. Newhouse seemed to appreciate the favor conferred on their son, and demonstrated it by serving to the company some very nice refreshments. The occasion was a most enjoyable one. Miss Jennie V. Hubbard, of Corry, Pa., was one of the guests, as she is spending the summer with her cousins in this city.

Mr. D. B. Edwards, of Springfield, Ill., has recently secured a situation as a compositor on the Cleveland Daily Leader.

Mr. J. Cherry, of Philadelphia, Penn., has been on Cleveland for three or four weeks and expects to find work on some paper.

There are five mute compositors in Cleveland, O.

ROMANZO.

CLEVELAND, O., June 9, 1881.

A QUAKER SERMON.
It was the first-day meeting.
And the group of gathered folk
Sat touched by the hush of a voiceless spell;
No sound the silence broke,
Until in her place on the woman's side,
With a sweet and tender face
That bore the pure and peaceful sign
Of the inward spirit's grace,
A white-haired woman rose with the word
That was laid on her heart to say—
The word that the gathered people
Were awaiting that sunny day.
"Sister Tabitha all to pieces
My best china teapot broke:
But I kept my soul in patience
Nor a word of anger spoke."
That was all: and down with the sunshine,
The silence again fell sweet,
Till the elder people gave the sign
That the service was complete.
Do you say that the hour was wasted?
That the sermon was trivial, vain,
Textless, devoid of logic,
Unthrilled by one eloquent strain?
Not so: for that gospel is sweetest
That is won through life's fret and its pain,
That softens the jar of its friction,
And lightens the stress of its strain,
And the love that is over the erring,
The peace untouched by surprise,
The quiet that keeps its sweetest patience,
Are dear in the Master's eyes.
While many a rhetorician
Might learn from this homily brief,
A truth that the wearied people
Would hail as a glad relief—
That the lesson is most enduring
Close to life's practical lines,
And not the length, but the fitness
The heart of the hearer inclines.
And we all in our plain home duties
Find the thoughts in the first-day word,
That the least of our trials and triumphs
Has a worth in the sight of our Lord.

Philadelphia Institution.
The time, alas! the final hour when, we regret, the sacred portals of our dear old *Alma Mater* once again design to apprise a short intermission of our studies, for a period of not less than two months. Vacation is fast approaching, and the pupils, whose terms expire this month, are busily engaged making preparation to encounter the hardships of life, which await them at no inestimable distance.
Up to this time no change has occurred in the corps of teachers, with the exception of the departure of Miss Garrett, teacher of Articulation, who left us on Monday afternoon to visit the Oral Schools in New York and New England. She intends to teach a Day School for the Deaf (using Articulation as the method of instruction), in this city next Fall. May success attend her noble efforts.
The members of the C. Literary Society join in congratulating Messrs. Haas and Davidson, both students of the National Deaf-Mute College, who were former presidents of the Society, each having taken a prominent part in its organization; upon the anniversaries of their birthday this week respectively.
WHAT THE "LITTLE BABIES" DID!
The Chirological Literary Society of this Institution, proved itself unworthy of the droll appellation which its members were called; for the "Little Babies," as they were nicknamed, came off victorious at a recent debate in a disputed point, of which "Was the execution of Charles I. justifiable?" formed the subject. Ah! they beat the "Big Daddies!" What will the College boys say? It should not be forgotten that David was quite young when he slew the great giant, Goliath, who was the tallest man on earth. Something similar has happened in this contest, which intimates a loose moral. Wonder if our opponents were sincere when they greeted us with "Three cheers!" confessing their failure. Doubtless, they suffered a little humiliation. Never mind "Will," do not be discouraged.
MINOR MATTERS.
"Strawhats"
Enough rain.
The pupils visited the "Zoo."
Principal Denison, of the Columbia Institution, paid us a flying visit.
The Closing exercises of the C. L. Society will take place on Wednesday evening, June 15th, 1881. Miss Annis, and her friends, attended the reception given at the School of Design for Women, of which she is a pupil.
Much pleasure is anticipated by us in a proposed visit to Gloucester City, N. J., next Saturday.
Do you see the difference between the Chirological Lyceum, of Association Hall, and the Chirological Literary Society, of this Institution?
LITTLE REP.
PHILA., 6-11-81.
Norwegian Deaf-Mute Schools Again.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—A deaf-mute who attended the Institution in Christiania, says the German system is employed in educating the pupils who attend school there, without regard to aptitude for said system. Great stress is laid on inculcating the Lutheran Church doctrines and Bible history. It will be seen from this that the pupils who graduate are very good theologians, but narrow-minded and bigotted, and they are assured that all other denominations that differ from them will most assuredly go to perdition. All signs of free thought and free speech is carefully nipped in the bud. The dogmas and doctrines of the Church will bring them salvation; no matter how they live.

A young man who attended school there for seven years, declares that he secured more benefit from two years course in the Delavan, Wisconsin, Institution than all the former years put together. If so, what use is learning by rote when pupils are not instructed in thinking? Mr. Larson is in error in translating "Storthing—great court." House of Representatives being the true rendition. The Institutions receive no legislative aid,

but each pupil or his county is required to pay for tuition and board. The government can not interfere with the management of the Institution, and it is Mr. Blachen's property in fact. If the four hundred deaf-mutes who are scattered over Norway, could find some means to go to America, they would realize how beneficial a government the United States provide for her citizens, be they deaf-mutes or speaking people.
In conclusion, I affirm that the average graduate of the of the Christiania School is inferior mentally and physically to the average graduate of the Institutions in the United States.
MECHANIC.

Detroit Jumbings.
Mrs. W. A. Ranspach is sojourning among friends and relatives in Flushing and Flint.
Several mutes of this city contemplate taking in the closing exercises at the Institution, in order that they may feel the convulsive effects of bombastic oratory and the thundrous applause incident to such occasions, and, we might add, to make a grand parade of "Beau Brummels."
We are sorry to inform Minerva's chosen representative at Kendall Green from this State, who is struggling like Longfellow's Alpine mountaineer up the dazzling heights of cultured eminence, that owing to other engagements we will be unable to welcome him home, but according to his own sensible suggestion, we should think the fair sex would give him the most brilliant reception ever accorded to the greatest magnate on earth.
Your correspondent, together with a number of mutes of this city, made a flying trip to Toledo, Ohio, via steamer, on the 28th ult. Shortly after advancing out on the placid waters of Lake Erie all sight was lost to view, while here and there in the far off distance could be discerned stately ships destined for their respective ports. In the fact the scenes at the season of navigation is the grandest on the globe, the merchant marine of the great northern lakes passing in daily review before the interested beholder. After a two hours stroll in one of the most enterprising and commercial cities of the Buckeye State, we were homeward bound, arriving in the "City of the Straits," ere the glorious orb of day had sunk below the western horizon, having met with nothing worthy of chronicling except a little novel incident which we will not venture to expose.
The all-absorbing theme that now agitates the silent community is the coming excursion on the glorious Fourth to Put-in-Bay Island, and which bids fair to become one of the most pleasant events of the season. Not only a large number of mutes from Michigan, but also from other adjacent States will likely be in attendance, thereby making it one of the largest gatherings of its kind that has ever been held. The elegant and splendid side-wheel steamer Alaska has been secured for conveying the visitors from Detroit to the island and return, giving them a ride of several hours on Lake Erie's broad expanse of water.
Another paper, not in the interests of the deaf-mutes, is to be flung to the breeze at Bay City in this State, with which Geo. Grammond is to be associated on the editorial staff.
J. S.
DETROIT, June 13, 1881.

Deafness as a cause of Railway Risks
From the Scientific American.
Dr. Lawrence Turnbull, of Philadelphia, lately read a paper before the Pennsylvania Medical Society, calling attention to the hazards to life and property due to deafness on the part of railroad men. Locomotive engineers, firemen, and conductors, he said, are liable to affections of the ear, with decrease of hearing, such deafness appearing to be, in his estimation, more dangerous than color blindness as regards the signal code, because the latter is usually a congenital defect which can be defined precisely before the individuals are placed on active duty, while the deafness is an acquired disease, but slow in its approach and sometimes unknown to the person affected; and a cold or injury diminishes the hearing more and more, or destroys it completely, if it is not properly and promptly treated.
After citing cases which had come under his personal notice, and referring to the reports of Professor S. Moos, of Heidelberg, with respect to cases of railway accidents through deafness, Dr. Turnbull dwelt at length upon the evidence collected by Ludwig Hirt.
In order to gain an unprejudiced opinion, Hirt traveled repeatedly on the locomotive. His longest uninterrupted journey covered 325 English miles. He notes the following causes which act on engineers and firemen when traveling: First, the violent concussion; second, the uninterrupted straining of the eye and ear; third, the cutting air (less noticeable on the engines provided with a protecting roof); fourth, the continuous erect position; fifth, the frequent change of temperature. The occasional troublesome or noxious influences are dust and irritable and poisonous gases. Hirt observed on himself and young firemen an increased frequency of pulse and respiration, pain in the knees and the calves of the legs, exhaustion, weariness, and excessive thirst and nausea, which, however, soon disappear. Whenever he traveled thirty-five to fifty-five miles

without a stop, vertigo was perceived, associated with violent roaring in the ears, and he felt the urgent need of something to cling to. In addition to these symptoms, we have in the case of engineers and firemen the mental exertion of the most careful watchfulness and uninterrupted exertion of the higher organs of sense. Regarding the results of long years of traveling on the engine, Hirt says that, taking all in all, an engineer who averages seventy-five miles daily, or, in round numbers, 25,000 miles a year, may be as sound and robust after twenty years' service as he was in the beginning, providing he was then healthy and that he has met with no accidents. If we examine, says Hirt, a large number of engineers who have been long in the service we find that a majority of them are robust, sunburnt men, with well developed faculties, good digestion, and in an excellent state of health. The minority, however, in whom we see the disastrous results of their calling, must not be forgotten.
Dr. Turnbull recommended that all candidates for railway service should be examined by a competent physician, who should test them with special reference to their hearing. He also advised that the company's physician should report to the superintendent of the road every case of deafness discovered in trainmen, provision being made for the transference of men of impaired hearing to other positions where perfect hearing is less vitally important.

From the Granite State.
MR. EDITOR:—Perhaps you will like a few items from Concord, N. H. We are a progressive people. We now have a horse railroad and can take a nice ride for ten cents to West Concord, a pleasant little village, three miles north of here.
This last week has been a busy one here, for it was the Inauguration of Governor C. H. Bell, last Thursday, and many people came to the city. The day was pleasant and air cool. The State House was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting, as also was many other buildings. Among the visitors to the city were some deaf-mutes and they are Messrs. I. A. Blanchard, of Boston, F. P. Blodgett, of Nashua, Wm. A. Doring, of Pittsfield, E. H. French, A. E. Kelton, and W. D. Wilson. All had a good time and seemed well pleased with the day.
One of the beauties of our city is its fine large trees, but now many of the elms and all the apple trees are spoiled by the canker worms. They come in May and leave in June. We hope they will pass us by next year, for we do not admire their work.
L. M. Cole is going to spend the summer in the country with her uncle and aunt, and hopes to enjoy the country air and scenery.
We send greeting to the editor of the JOURNAL.
We expect the D. M. G. S. M. Society will hold a meeting in Hooksett in August, the 20th or 21st. I hope there will be a large attendance. This writer shall try to be there by that time.
The season is advancing and all nature looks smiling, and the air is filled with sweet perfume from garden and field.
We are afraid this will tire your readers, so our pen shall retire for this time with many pleasant wishes to the manager and readers of the JOURNAL.
ELOC M. L.


A Congratulation.
We, the undersigned, the friends and old classmates of Mr. Wm. J. Blount, notice the announcement of his engagement in the JOURNAL, and hasten to offer him our most sincere congratulations, and hearty good wishes. May every year of his married life find him happier than the last.
May he and his bride live a long and happy life on this wide earth, in our earnest wish.
R. L. H. LONG.
CHARLES KIRBY.
HUGH B. DEANE.
FIELD MORROW.
MAT. D. LYON.
P. J. HARKENSTAR.
Correction, Etc.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Allow us to correct some mistakes in our last article, which, if uncorrected, might give rise to serious misunderstanding. "No matter how we defended him (Mr. Ziegler) nor in the exercise of our best judgment, have we done right—morally." "We" should have been printed instead of "nor."
"We sincerely hope that since Mr. Thomas Breen has gracefully declined to continue, and declared himself 'willing to bury the unpleasant matter in peace and harmony,' there will not be a revival of better feelings among the mutes of the metropolis of this State."
"Not" should never have been used.
We can not understand how these words came out, unless it was through the slip of our pen. If the "devil," who, as every body knows, sometimes does some mischievous work, used them himself, how intelligent or cunning he is! We hope he will be more careful about printing words, punctuation marks, etc.
What good news! We have a celebrated man who will be the centre of attraction at the coming convention. The State Committee did very well, in inviting Mr. John Carlin to deliver an oration. This affords

great satisfaction among the mutes of this city.
Mr. Carlin's letter of acceptance shows how great an interest he takes in the subject. We hope that those who propose to attend the convention, will follow his noble example.
Yours Truly,
DEFENDER.
PA., June 10, '81.
A Curl Cut Off With an Ax.
"Do you see this lock of hair?" said the old man to me.
"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, a curl from the head of a dear child long ago gone to heaven?"
"It is not; it is a curl of my own hair, and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."
"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"
"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God and His especial care than any thing I possess."
"I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went to the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy ax, as it went up and came down the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so, I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon a log. I had fallen just at the moment when the ax was coming down with all its force."
"It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the ax. I screamed and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke; and, in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy.
"We soon recovered—I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound he was sure he had inflicted."
"Not a drop of blood or scar was to be seen."
"He knelt upon the grass, and gave thanks."
"Having done so, he took up his ax, and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair sharply cut through and laid upon the wood."
"How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips, he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms."
—Selected.

THREE ORATORS.
Webster, Choate and Sumner.
Thirty years ago, when a student at Amherst College, I remember going over with several of my classmates to Northampton, where Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate were the opposing lawyers in the great Oliver Smith will case.
I shall never forget the impression made by the great contrast between the manner and gesticulation of these two distinguished pleaders in their closing arguments. The Court room was crowded almost to suffocation, and the immense interest involved, together with the high reputation of the opposing counsel, combined to excite the attention and interest of all to a remarkable degree.
Webster's gestures as well as his words, were comparatively few, but weighty, massive, the very embodiment of dignity and conscious strength. Most of the time during his half-hour argument he stood perfectly motionless, his body slightly bent forward and his hands behind his back.
Choate spoke for nearly two hours, in a manner the very counterpart of Webster's, and yet equally appropriate to the speaker's individuality. He was all alert, every vein swollen to fullness, every muscle swollen to its utmost tension. He advanced toward the jury and retreated. He rose on tip-toe, and several times in his excitement, seemed to spring entirely off his feet. He ran his long, nervous fingers through his dark hair, and anon shook them in the air above his head with so swift a motion that they seemed to run into each other like the spokes on a spinning-wheel.
His plea lasted two hours. The day was hot, and when he had concluded he sank into the arms of attendants in a state of perfect exhaustion, and was born out into the lobby like a corpse. The excitement in the Court room was intense, but Webster's calm, stern logic carried the day over Choate's brilliant and fiery rhetoric. The verdict was for Webster and the will.
One word concerning the gesticulation of Charles Sumner. He was always dignified and self possessed, and in his movements, as well as words, always conveyed the idea of deliberation and scholarly culture rather than that of spontaneous warmth and impulsive feeling which is most apt to stir emotion in a hearer. But he had one gesture which he used not often, but always once or twice in his great speeches, which never failed to send the blood thrilling to my temples; and I noticed that it had a similar effect on many others. He raised his hand higher and higher, with appropriate gesticulation, while building a

ABOLISH THE USE OF LIQUORS.
GOOD REASONS FOR DOING AWAY WITH ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.
(From an Exchange.)
They deprive men of their reasons for the time being.
They destroy men of great intellectual strength.
They foster and encourage every species of immorality.
They bar the progress of civilization and religion.
They destroy the peace and happiness of tens of thousands of families.
They reduce many virtuous wives and children to poverty.
They cause many thousands of murders.
They prevent all reformation of character.
They render abortive the strongest resolutions.
The millions of property expended are lost.
They cause the majority of the cases of insanity.
They destroy both the body and the soul.
They burden sober people with millions for the support of paupers.
They cause immense expenditures to prevent crime.
They cost sober people immense sums in charity.
They burden the country with immense taxes.
Because moderate drinkers want the temptation removed.
Drunkards want the opportunity removed.
Sober people want the nuisances removed.
Taxpayers want the burden removed.
The prohibition would save thousands now falling.
The sale exposes our families to destruction.
The sale exposes our persons to insult.
The sale upholds the vicious and idle at the expense of the industrious and virtuous.
The sale subjects the sober to great oppression.
It takes the sober man's earnings to support the drunkard.
It subjects numberless wives to untold sufferings.
It is contrary to the Bible.
It is contrary to common sense.
We have a right to rid ourselves of the burden.
Curiosities of Animal Life.
The cuttle fish has three distinct hearts.
Elephants always disturb the water before they drink.
The woodpecker can thrust his tongue out fully three inches.
The lobster has been known to attain the age of twenty years.
The entire feathers of an owl weigh only an ounce and a half.
Ravens and crows generally pair for life; also doves and pigeons.
The sea anemones swallow pieces of meat as large as their bodies.
Poli says that a single oyster contains no less than 1,200,000 eggs.
The elephant is equally distressed by the extremes of heat and cold.
When a tiger seizes his prey he would sooner die than let go his hold.
The music of the singing mussel delights sailors along the coast of Ceylon.
The wild pigeon will fly for twenty-four hours at the rate of sixty miles an hour.
The albatross, the largest of sea birds, flies with a velocity of 100 miles an hour.
The noise made by a school of fish, sounds, in the deep sea, like the rumbling of thunder.
The little birds called the swift, darts through the air at the rate of 180 miles an hour.
It is said that the lion will suffer no other animal than the dog to live in the same den with him.
Snakes have a great repugnance to carboic acid, which acts as a sudden and fatal poison to them.
The sense of smelling is less in the lion than in other animals. He hunts by sight rather than smell.
A flock of geese never go to sleep without appointing a sentinel, and that sentinel, to insure wakefulness, invariably stands on one foot.
A wild pigeon, flying at double the rate of an express train, can inspect the surface of the ground below, and discover its food with facility.
When a gorilla gets into a fight, it is war to the death. The skeletons of a leopard and a gorilla locked in each other's embrace have been found.
Short Rules for Long Comfort at Home.
Put self last.
Be prompt at every meal.
Take little annoyances out of the way.
When any good happens to any one, rejoice.
When others are suffering, drop a word of sympathy.
Tell of your own faults rather than those of others.
A place for everything and everything in its place.
Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs.
Take hold of every knob and shut every door behind you without slamming it.
Never interrupt any conversation,

but wait patiently your turn to speak.
Look for beauty in everything and take a cheerful view of every event.
Cheerfully clean the mud and snow from your boots before entering the house.
If from any cause you feel irritable, try the harder to do little pleasant things.
Do not keep your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
When inclined to give an angry answer, press your lips together and say the alphabet.
Always speak politely and kindly to your help, if you would have them do the same to you.
When pained by an unkind word or act, ask yourselves, "Have I not done as badly and desired forgiveness?"—*Canada Presbyterian.*
"THE CYCLOPEDIA WAR."
The Cyclopaedia War and the Literary Revolution are working wonderful and happy results for the readers of books, and searchers after knowledge. The great "Library of Universal Knowledge," is announced to be completed, ready for delivery to purchasers, the early part of July. It is probably the largest and most important literary work this country and the century have seen. It is based upon Chambers's Encyclopaedia, the last London edition of which is reprinted entire as a portion of its contents, a large crop of American editors and writers adding thereto a vast amount of information upon about 15,000 subjects in every department of human knowledge. Chambers's Encyclopaedia, whose distinguished merit is universally known, is the laborious product of the ripest British and European scholarship, but being a work of foreign production it had been naturally deficient in its adaptation to the wants of American readers. In this new form it is most thoroughly Americanized, and becomes at once the largest and most complete encyclopedia in the field, at a mere fraction of the cost of any similar works which have preceded it, containing about 10 per cent more matter than Appleton's Encyclopaedia, at less than one-fifth its cost, and 20 per cent more than Johnson's Cyclopaedia at a little more than one-fourth its cost.
The superlative value and importance of this great Encyclopaedia, however, lies especially in the fact that it is brought within the reach of every one who aspires after knowledge and culture. It is really a library of universal knowledge. It brings a liberal education easily within the reach of every plow-boy. Every farmer and every mechanic owes it to himself and to his children that such a cyclopaedia shall henceforward form a part of the outfit of his home. To the intelligent man in every walk of life a Cyclopaedia is indispensable. It is issued in various styles, in 15 large beautiful octavo volumes, varying in price from \$15 for the edition in cloth, to \$25 for the edition in full library sheep binding. Liberal discounts even from these extraordinary prices are allowed to clubs, and the publishers, besides, propose during the next two months to distribute \$10,000 cash in special rewards to persons who forward clubs of five, ten, or more subscribers. The American Book Exchange, 764 Broadway, New York, are the publishers, who will send sample pages and full particulars free on request.
Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.
Cincinnati, O. - - - June 12th.
Sandusky, O. (convention) - - - 14th.
Cleveland, O. - - - 19th.
Warren, O. - - - 26th.
Detroit, Mich. - - - July 3d.
Port Huron, Mich. - - - 5th.
Jackson, Mich. - - - 6th.
Grand Rapids, Mich. - - - 7th.
Albion, Mich. - - - 8th.
Chicago, Ill. - - - 10th.
Freeport, Ill. - - - 11th.
Rockport, Ill. - - - 12th.
Pittsburg, Pa. - - - 17th.
St. Louis, Mo. - - - 24th.
Cleveland, O. - - - 31st.
Indianapolis, - - - Aug. 7th.
Other appointments may be made between any of the above, and notice be duly given by postal card.
MALE OR FEMALE AGENTS WANTED.
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"HISTORY OF THE FIRST SCHOOL FOR DEAF--MUTES."
The History gives an account of how the "Alphabets" were invented and introduced into use, and Dr. Gallaudet's Mission to Europe.
It also contains engravings of Gallaudet, Clerc, Sicard, monuments of Gallaudet and Clerc, and single and double-handed alphabets.
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